The ISLE of WIGHT's

GARLAND.

In Three PARTS.

PART I. The Outlandish Lady's Love to an *English* Sailor.

PART II. The Lady's Love discovered (by her Waiting-Maid) to her Father.

PART III. The wandering Lady's Return; or the stony Heart softned.

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The Isle of Wight's GARLAND.

FROM the Isle of *Wight*,
I have brought to light,
A Young Damsel born of noble Blood;
Dress'd in Man's Attire,
And she did enquire,
After her true Love, as 'tis understood.
Now this gallant Dame,
From fair *France* she came,
And hath now taken upon her for to rove;
For I heard her say,
Crying Night and Day,
Oh! my Father sent away my Love.
He was too severe,
To my dearest dear,
Because he belong'd unto the Main;
I have travel'd round,
To all Sea-Port Towns,
Thinking to meet my Love again.
When I first beheld,
My dear *English Will*,
I was wounded to the Heart I swear:
Altho' he was bound,
Guarded thro' the Town,
Taken Prisoner by our Privateer.
When he passed by,
On him I cast an Eye,
With a trembling Heart I could not stand:
Then these Words I said,
To my Waiting-Maid,
Oh! how I could love that *English* Man.
I could find no Rest,
Till I my Mind express'd,
So I went unto my Chamber straigh
With a trembling Quill,
There I wrote my Will,
And to him my Sorrow did relate.
The Daughter of a Knight,
Did these Lines indite,

Though your Perſon's mean,
Yet it ſhall be ſeen,
Here in private to your deareſt Dear.
When he her Lines did read,
Then theſe Words he ſaid,
Sure the Gods above are not ſevere;
For bleſſed is the Time,
That I was confin'd,
And was brought to Town a Priſoner here.
I this Anſwer ſend,
To theſe Lines you've penn'd,
Virtuous Lady born of high degree;
Why ſhould you adore,
A young Seaman poor,
Sure, that never, never cannot be.
You are an Heireſs great,
To a vaſt Eſtate,
I a Man that's born of mean Degree;
Dear Lady, draw your Love,
By the Powers above,
If Your Father knew it, he would hang me.
When ſhe theſe Lines had read,
Then theſe Words, ſhe ſaid,
Oh! that Cupid had ne'er wounded me;
For I do proteſt,
Here I cannot reſt,
Oh! ye Gods, why have ye tortur'd me.
To the Priſon ſhe,
Went immediately,
Where ſhe at the ſame did knocking ſtand,
And theſe Words did ſay,
Let me in, I pray,
For to ſpeak unto that *Engliſh* Man.
Then the Turnkey he,
Took this fair Lady
To a Chamber, where they both ſhould meet;
And the Priſoner he
Came immediately,
Falling down before the Lady's Feet.

The Lady with her Charms,
Catch'd him in her Arms,
Saying, oh! my Dear, and Turtle Dove,
Hero of the Sea,
Pray now pity me,
That am so wounded by the God of Love.
Since you declare Your Mind,
I'll not be unkind,
By the Powers above, I speak it here;
May I never thrive,
Or prosper here alive,
If that I prove false unto my dear.
So these Lovers part,
With a constant Heart,
Shedding Tears now with their Faith and Troth,
And the Turnkey he,
Wept most bitterly,
For to see the Love between them both.

PART II.

THE Second Part I write,
Of this Lady bright,
For the Truth I mean to unfold;
Tho' 'tis full of Horror,
Trouble, Grief and Sorrow,
Sure the like was never, never told.
When the Lady she,
Thought she had been free,
Then began her Sorrow, Grief and Woe;
Her Father came to hear
That she loved dear,
A Young *English* Seaman mean and low.
Then her Father said,
To her Waiting-Maid,
Go and call my Daughter to me here;
For I do declare,
And solemnly do swear,
[illegible] her Dear [illegible]

When this gallant Dame,
To her Father came;
Are you come, dear Madam? then said he,
By my Faith and Troth,
I will part you both,
You shall ne'er degrade your Family.
We have Peers in *France*,
Can your Fame advance,
Comes a courting to you Day and Night,
Father it is not Riches,
But the tarry Breeches,
I intend to make my Heart's delight.
When she these Words had spoke,
He was soon provok'd,
And in a Passion then his Rapier drew;
But her Mother she
Came immediately,
Or he had certainly run her through.
To her Chamber she
Went immediately,
Like a Prisoner, there for to remain;
And the Seaman he
Was set at Liberty,
And to *England* he was sent again.
Then her Father he
In his Cruelty,
Went and begg'd a hanged Man we hear:
Then cut off his Head.
And these Words he said,
Here, pray Madam, take your *English* Dear.
When the Lady she
Saw the dead Body,
With her wringing Hands she tore her Hair;
With ten thousand Tears,
Washed his Body clear,
Oh! would I have dy'd for thee, my Dear.
For as I am told,
She kiss'd his Body cold,
It would have griev'd a stone Heart to see;

Then her Waiting-Maid,
That had her betray'd,
Cry'd out, pardon, pardon, dear Lady,
For I do declare,
And solemnly do swear,
This Body is none of thy dear Love,
For your Father he
Sent him beyond the Sea,
Where I know not by the Powers above.
Is it true, said she,
That You say to me,
Yes, Madam, as true as I am here.
Then that very Night,
This fair Lady bright,
Got out of the Chamber-window clear.
Then away she went,
Being discontent,
Ever since she's been upon the Search,
Dreſt in Man's Attire,
Then she did enquire,
For her only Love, and her dear Heart.
Then the Lady she,
Crossing o'er the Sea,
Where she here into fair *England* came;
And had travell'd round
Most part of *English* Ground,
Ever since she from her Father came.
She like a Man was dress'd,
And I do protest,
As she travell'd to the Isle of *Wight*,
And as she walked round,
About *Newport* Town,
Where she chanc'd to meet her Heart's delight,
Saying, my dearest dear,
I'm glad to meet you here,
I am the Daughter of a worthy Knight.
What! my Love, said he,
The Young *French* Lady,
Yes, quoth she, my Joy and Heart's delight,

Now I will relate,
They were married ſtraight,
And ſo here I do conclude my Song;
And let Lovers all,
Now both great and ſmall,
Praiſe their Conſtancy with Heart and Tongue.

PART III.

MY deareſt Dear, ſaid ſhe,
Now we married be,
Unto fair *France* again we both will go,
With all my Heart he cry'd,
My Joy and loving Bride,
To what you crave I will not anſwer No.
Then they croſt the Main
To fair *France* again,
And when they arrived on the Shore,
Dreſs'd in Man's Array,
Then ſhe went her way,
With her true Love unto her Father's Door,
Then the Lady bright,
Knock'd with all her Might,
Until her Father came to the Door to ſee
Who knocked there,
Then this Lady fair,
In this Manner ſpoke, and ſaid to him.
Sir, I'm one, who
Am now come to know
What is become of Your Daughter dear,
Young Man, her Father ſaid,
She is dead, I am afraid,
For I have not ſeen her theſe two Years,
Sir, your Daughter bright,
In the Iſle of *Wight*,
Not two Weeks ago, I did her ſee:
And I do declare,
She was married there,
Unto the Young Man You ſent to Sea,
And in Tears one Day,
I heard Her

There is no other Hope,
But that with a Rope,
He will have us hanged both I fear.
If these Words be true,
Which proceed from You,
Heavens did decree it I declare:
And for Joy they live,
Five Guineas I will give,
To enjoy them both, I now declare.
Then the Lady she,
And her Husband he,
Pitch'd upon their bended Knees straightway,
She cry'd to him, Father,
I am then your Daughter,
Give to me your Blessing, now I pray.
With that her Father gaz'd,
Like a Man amaz'd,
On her then to hear such Words as these,
And as he did her view,
Then from his Eyes there flew,
Great Drops of Tears, as big as any Pease.
Her Father then did stand,
And took her by the Hand,
And embrac'd her, and thus did cry:
Since you that Blessing crave,
You shall then it have,
I will own You both until I die.
Then with free Consent,
In a Doors they went,
And for Joy his Daughter she was come,
To drown all Sorrow quite,
There both Day and Night,
They rejoiced then with Pipe and Drum.
Now to conclude, I may
Venture for to say
These Words, I think, and not mistaken be;
There are but few do prove
So constant now in Love,
As the Young Sailor and his *French* Lady.